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17th Dec 88

THE REAL

Nº27 38p

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GHSTBUSTERS™





Christmas is coming and it's the season of good will! Good will? Bah, Humbug! There's not an inch of good will in the ectoplasmic body of the spook that's out to torment every waking, and sleeping hour of Winston's day in **The Return of the Grudge Gremlin!** Poor old Winston is in a sorry state and he's not the only one plagued by thoughts of self-pity. Slimer is feeling dejected and unloved, and so he decides to go in search of a new home in **Nobody's Slimer!** The problem is, who would possibly adopt a Slimer? Certainly not Peter, although he's glad to have the little fella around when he finds himself in a rather tricky situation in **Which Witch is Which?** You see, what happens is... Ah, but that would be letting the black cat out of the bag! You'll just have to read issue twenty-seven of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** and find out for yourself!

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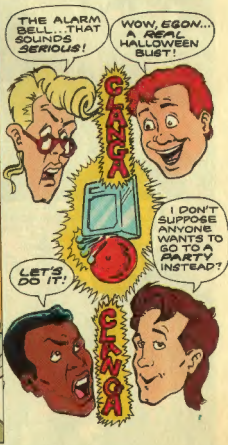
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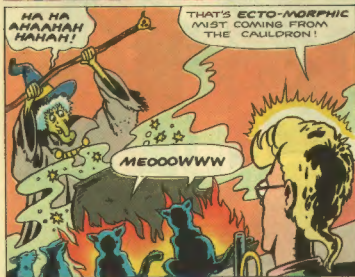
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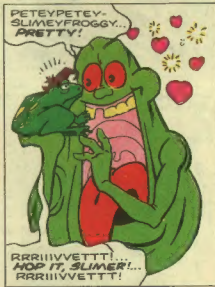


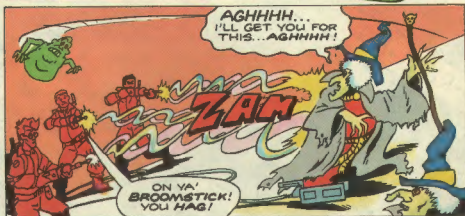
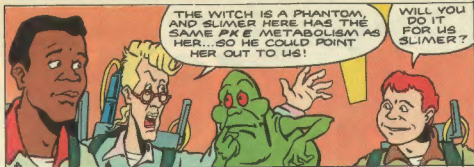
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LATER...









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INSIDE... IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE HAS GONE TO BED! I'M SO TIRED.



AHH! THAT'S BETTER. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS ALL NIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE SOFT, COMFY BED!



OH NO! WHAT'S THAT! I CAN'T GET TO SLEEP LISTENING TO THAT DRIPPING! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!



I'M SURE I TURNED IT OFF BEFORE I CAME TO BED!



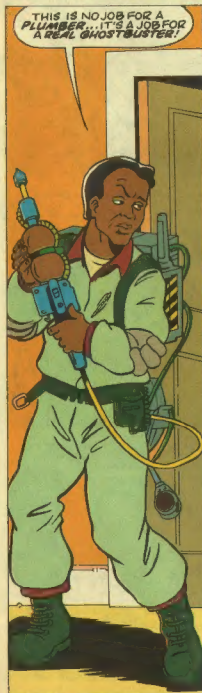
AHH! NOW FOR SOME SERIOUS SNOOZING!



LATER... OH NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT... THAT TAP IS DRIPPING AGAIN!



Story JOHN CARNELL Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and CAM SMITH Lettering HEL Colour STEVE WHITE



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

WITCHES

Witches get a bad press. Since early times, women who dabble in the black arts and related pseudo-sciences have been the subject of scorn, derision and even persecution. Those 'secret black and midnight hags' that Shakespeare refers to, have been hunted and found out. Worst of all, they get burnt at the stake for their crimes. Recently, I got in touch with the Pan-American Coven of Sisters – a self-help organisation dedicated to promoting witches' rights all across the country and asked them to tell me if today's witch is still a creature of horror.

Witches: the facts.

Dorothy Klurt, presidentrix-elect of the organisation told me "it's a great shame that witches these days are associated with that kind of ludicrous scampering about, leaping on broomsticks and cackling type of behaviour! Very few of the sisterhood have any type of warts at all, and none of us hand-sweep these days. I have an automatic carpet shampooer, as a matter of fact." Certainly, Ms. Klurt did not match the idea of witches that is commonly held. She was wearing a very nice twin set from Dorothy Perkins and had a pair of sensible court shoes on. "As for cauldrons," she went on, "well that really is a little silly. Since the advent of food mixers in the seventies, cauldrons have become largely superfluous. I do have a cast-iron ovenware pot, but that is



PART 27

purely for pot roasts, I can promise!" I mentioned woks, but she dismissed them with a laugh "Stir fry mandrake and you lose all the flavour!"

Public image.

This was still a difficult problem, admitted Shirley Van Lenz, the organisation's press officer. "We've done a great deal of work in the area of promoting witch image. You may have caught our TV campaign *Witch? The Right To Choose*. We also published several books and pamphlets *Witches? Are They All Bad? Foul Is Fair and Public Witch Discrimination In A Post Salem Environment*. They have, I feel, done a great deal to increase public understanding of witch's rights, and they lead to a better social basis for us. Our slogan is *Proud To Be a witch*. We hope people will

come to see us as a way of getting cars started on winter mornings, healing sick pets, getting people to fall in love with each other, turning base metals into gold and so on. We could be a sort of public service." What about the dangers? I asked. Weren't people going to be afraid that you were going to turn them into newts. "No!" exclaimed Ms. Van Lenz, "Besides, lots of people have been turned into newts. They get better eventually."

A Day In The Life.

So, what does the average witch get up to in the course of a day? I asked. "Well," replied Ms. Klurt, "I expect you think we spend our most of our time dressed in black robes dancing around a bonfire and casting spells!" Not at all, I replied. "Well," she went on, "We do spend about ninety-five-percent of our time doing that, but it is very rewarding work. We hold coffee mornings too, and jumble sales and also Tupperware parties. Tupperware is the only way to store bats' wings and keep them fresh. Then of course, there's feeding the familiar, summoning up the powers of darkness and cleaning the cave up when you've got visitors. It all takes time!"

At this point I had to go. I paid them my respects and started to leave. "Thanks for coming," said Ms. Klurt, as she and Ms. Van Lenz got up to see me out, "and when shall we three meet again?"

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



**GRUDGE
MATCH!**

Story JOHN FREEMAN ◯ Art BAMBOS ◯ Story RICHARD ALAN



Thursday, December the 15th, 1988

The Ghostbusters' alarm went off at around 6.30am. I could tell it was the alarm because when I hit my bedside clock with a hammer I happened to have handy, the noise kept ringing through my skull.

Yesterday had been a bad day, what with seven call-outs to a poltergeist-infested pig farm in New Jersey and no less than three calls to a spectre-scared skyscraper in Madison Avenue. It's no joke this line of work, I can tell you. Today was supposed to be my day off. I planned to go swimming, maybe a little jog in Central Park and then a little shopping.

"WINSTON! Get down here, right now!" screeched Janine's dulcet tones.

"Polite as ever, Janine," I groaned, struggling out of bed and into my overalls. It was then that I realised my day off had about as much chance of materialising as a class nine apparition in the *Sistine Chapel*. Then again, if I got the bust over and done with quickly... I hurried downstairs.

"57th and Main, Poltergeist in the toilets. Office block, business by the name of *Waskins' Electronics*." Janine handed me the Ghost Report to back up her own concise narration of a recent phone call. The phone still looked hot. "Where are the others?" I asked.

"Pig farm in New Jersey. Something about floating bacon? Ray will meet you there, though. Looks like it will need two of you."

I nodded, put the note in my pocket and hurried for the subway. One thing – you never have trouble finding a seat on the subway with a portable-licensed-nuclear-generator on your back!

"It's in the typing pool!" shouted a red-faced businessman. "Your partner's already up there, getting to grips with it."

The building was impressive. All bright lights, white walls and ceilings, neatly-potted plants and shiny glass. I didn't like it. I took the elevator – dangerous I know with a poltergeist on the loose, but you have to take the occasional risk in this job and the typing pool was on the seventeenth floor. Ray met me as the doors opened. "Found anything?" I asked, as Ray hastily stuffed the last of a muffin into his mouth. "Apart from the vending machine?" I added. He looked hurt. Probably ate too fast.

"I was waiting for you. I'm getting some weird readings."

"They told me that it was in the typing pool."

"I think that's down this way," replied Ray, staring at a sign marked "TYPING POOL THIS WAY." I sighed and followed him, checking quickly to see that Ray had switched his Proton Pack on. You can never be too careful with Ray. We turned a shiny corner and looked in on a large, windowed area, closed off from the corridor by a single shiny door. "Heck," muttered Ray. "They don't need a Ghostbuster – they need a plumber!"

The typing pool was living up to its name. Water had obviously leaked from the radiators, and desks floated around the closed room. A secretary sat on her desk, typing away, ignoring the disaster. I wondered if she was related to Janine. "No readings here," said Ray, scanning the PKE Meter over the area. "Maybe inside..." He moved to open the door. I tried to stop him before he flooded the corridor with water, shorted the electrics, and of course, trashed the elevator controls in the process, but someday, you just aren't

quick enough. "Sorry," he said, as I vainly pressed the elevator button. "Hey, I'm getting a reading now!"

"Where?"

"Three floors down!"

That wasn't so bad. We made for the emergency stairs and made it to the fourteenth floor in time to see three receptionists being savaged by the interior shrubbery. We busted the plants, just to be on the safe side, took the receptionists' phone numbers, purely for further statements you understand, and then followed the signals from the PKE Meter to the Production Department on the ninth floor.



Waskins' didn't actually make electronic parts in the building. This was more the administration side of the business, if you understand me. So, no high-tech microcircuit boards here, just piles of paper and a photocopier that looked like it had eaten a bad chicken curry the night before, throwing paper and black powder (I never could figure out just what that was for except to make a terrible mess) at anyone who came near it.

"Blast it!" I shouted, but for once, Ray was ahead of me, which was why he got covered in black powder as the ghost leapt out of the

'copier. "'T'shoo!" he exclaimed. I just looked stunned. "Aw no," I remember saying. "It can't be. Not again." But it was.

There in front of us, harbouring a grudge, as ever, was my most unfavourite Gremlin. "I thought I'd seen the last of you," I sighed, raising my Proton Gun. "No chance, buster giggled the Gremlin, leaping over my head and into the ceiling. It ducked back, suddenly. "Be seeing you!"

Well, that had me really angry. I don't need to remind any of you just how much trouble that Gremlin has been giving me lately, I thought that if Ray could stop sneezing, we had a good chance of catching him this time. An enclosed office building, twenty-floors-high. The ghost was history, right? Wrong!

"Where would a poltergeist cause the most harm next in a place like this?" I asked Ray, who had stopped spluttering by time we searched all twenty floors, twice. "If it was me, I'd be in the vending machine on twenty," sighed Ray.

On the twentieth floor, a young typist, still looking a bit stunned, was about to put a quarter in the vending machine. "Stop!" I shouted, but it was too late. Cold chocolate milkshake splurged in enormous quantities into the already wet corridor. I know splurged isn't a proper word, but how else do you explain the effects of two-hundred-gallons of poltergeist-created milkshake on an office building. We were all swept off our feet as the Gremlin giggled from the top of the vending machine. "I'll get you for this!" I shouted.

"Be here - same time, same channel!" it cackled in reply and promptly vanished. PKE activity dropped to zero. The cunning Gremlin had escaped again.

"Maybe you should take Saturdays off, like the rest of us?" suggested Ray, licking chocolate off the end of his Proton Gun. As I looked around at the debris, which looked worse than the stands at the end of a baseball game, I knew that this wouldn't be the last we'd see of the Gremlin. Not if I could help it, anyway.



DEATH'S HERO



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book?

Ghoul-liver's Travels!
— Simon Jeffrey, Cardiff

What did the werewolf write
in his Christmas cards?

Best vicious of the season!
— Caroline Jones, Dyfed

Why did the ghost go to
Korea?

To watch the Soul Olympics!
— Nicholas Wright, Lanarkshire

Why do vampires need
medicine?

Because they keep on coffin!
— Russell Norris, Sutton

What happened when King
Kong swallowed Big Ben?
He found it time-consuming!

— Brian Clarke, Kent

What do you call a wizard from
outer space?

A flying sorcerer!
— James Keegan, Wirral

What do you call a monster
that sits on a pile of wood?
Guy!

— Adam Cole, Manchester

What do you call a female
monster that climbs up walls?
Ivy!

— Mark Christian, Grays

Where would a vampire never
live?

The Vampire Stake Building!
— Eddie, Norfolk

What happened to the
cannibal when he went on a
self-catering holiday?
He ate himself!

— Stuart Ramsey,
Gloucestershire

Why couldn't the skeleton go
to school?

Because he had no brain!
— Tony Gurden,
No-fixed-abode

How did the little boy kill the
monster?

*He got caught in its throat and
choked it to death!*
— Alex Cameron, Glasgow

Why did the vampire actress
turn down so many film offers?
*Because she was waiting for a
part that she could get her
teeth into!*

— Graham Jackson, Swansea

What is a skeleton's favourite
film?
*Indiana Bones and the Temple
of Doom!*

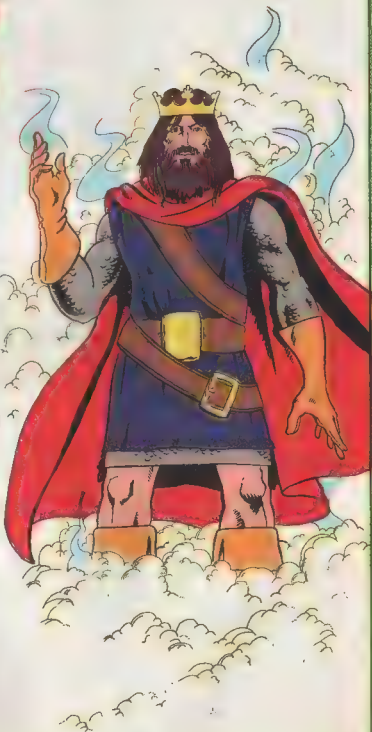
— Laura Catchpole, Sheffield

What do you get if you cross an
Egyptian mummy with a car
mechanic?

Toot and Car man!
— Craig Downs, Southampton

KING ARTHUR

This was the first brush with a regal spectre for The Real Ghostbusters. The strange thing about this particular spook was that he was the client and not the problem. He had called upon The Ghostbusters to retrieve his legendary sword, Excalibur. Unfortunately, he wasn't the only spook in search of the magical blade. Arthur's notorious enemy, Mordred, was also after the sword for his own evil purposes. However, just as the evil foe was about to put an end to The Ghostbusters for once and for all, Egon managed to pluck the sword from the stone. Legend has it that he who frees Excalibur becomes king and this magical power was enough to make the evil Mordred history. As for the spirit of Arthur, The Ghostbusters had no need to trap their ghostly client. Once the sword was in the possession of its rightful owner, King Arthur returned to rest in peace.



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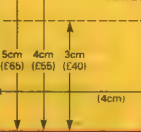
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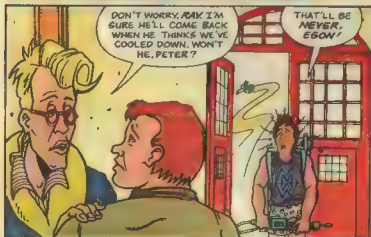
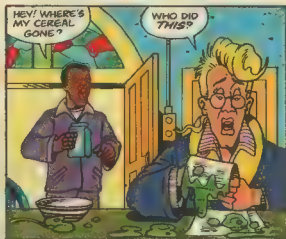
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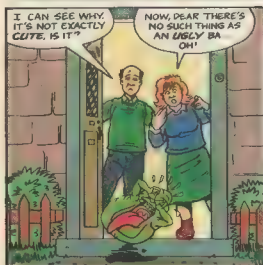
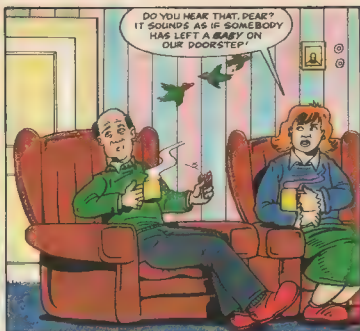
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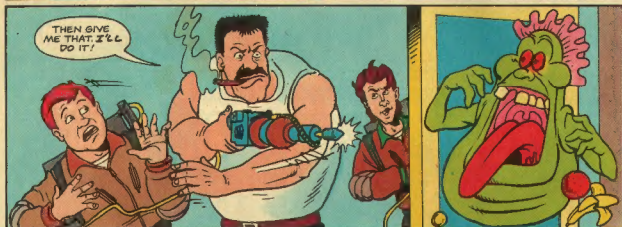
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story ANDREW BRENNER Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE ELLIOTT Lettering NICK ABADZIS Colouring STUART PLACE







EARTH-SHATTERING EXCITEMENT!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **THUNDERCATS 88** Part 2 of *Games Without Frontiers*, by Carnell, Lanning and Wildman, finds the Thundercats still struggling against the Mutants in the Third Earth Olympics. There's also a great new text story, *Nethergirls*, by Steve Alan, featuring the return of that fiendish female, the Netherwitch!

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 196** In the *Flames of Boltax*, the secret of the Autobot tapes is revealed in a flashback to Cybertron's past. Both Megatron and Optimus Prime are after the mysterious Boltax, a High Circuit-master who has the greatest database on Cybertron. Story by Budiansky, Delbo and Bulanadi.

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 7** Mercy must face not just the lethal vigilante known as Scourge, but also her own shocking past as the Claws battle in Canada. Can Dragon and the others save Mercy from Scourge...and from herself? *The Quality Of Mercy* is by Furman and Senior. Don't dare miss the return of the Claws' deadliest enemies!

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 2** Though he won't work for free, Death's Head figures he owes the Chain Gang one for re-building him. Trouble is, the man they want him to hunt down is none other than Scavenger of *Dragon's Claws*! Death's Head lost the first round to the Claws, but this time looks set to be different! *Contractual Obligations* is by Furman, Hitch and Farmer.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 27** Peter is turned into a frog in *Which Witch is Witch?* by Carnell and Williamson. There's also *The Return of The Grudge Gremlin*, back to torment Winston in a story by Carnell and Williamson, and in a text story by John Freeman. To complete this week's line up, there's *Nobody's Slimer*, in which Slimers get the boot from Ghostbusters' HQ and has to disguise himself as a baby in the hope of getting fed. Story by, yes, you've guessed it, Carnell and Williamson!

ON SALE NOW!

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

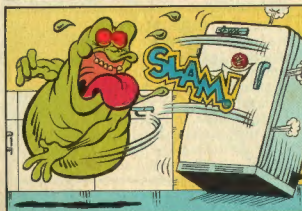
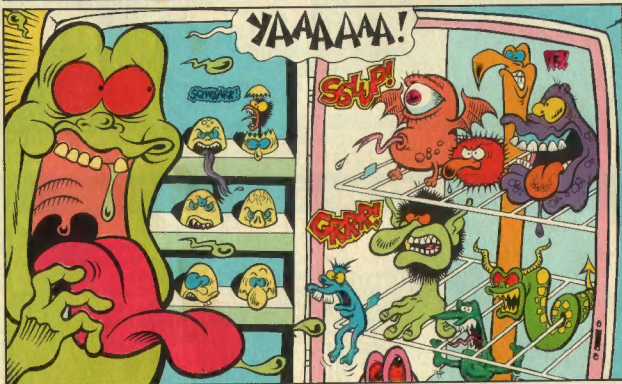
SLIMER!



SLIMER FEELY BIT PEKISHEE!
THINKBRAINWORK I'LL GET A
SNACKEROONEE!



SLIMER SEE WHAT GOODY FOODY BITS
ARE IN THE REFRIDGERGATOR! YLUP!!



SLIMER LISTEN NOW WHEN
EGONBUSTER SEZ SNACKERDONEES
NOT GOODY FOR SLIMER!!

